

For all Golconda's diamond fields—
They are mine, all mine;
The jeweled thoughts along the page,
Companionship with bard and sage.

The children of my fancy
That gild the inner shrine,
The trysting place of sentiment—
It is mine, all mine;
The dreamland and its poesy,
No Croesus could estrange from me.

The graves of the departed,
Where peacefully recline
The noblest and the loveliest—
They are mine, still mine;
Whatever earthly boon may fall,
My buried dead are not for sale.

The love of one true woman,
Affections that entwine,
About the soul unflinching,
They are mine, ever mine;
That heart of hearts, God's mated pair—
I've walked the earth a millionaire.

And, O ye patient readers,
So partial and benign,
Who like the jingle of my rhymes,
Ye are mine, all mine;
I write and seem to grasp your hand,
Ye partners in my Fairyland.

No, no, I am no pauper—
To me the best is given;
I have a cheerful heart on earth,
I have a God in heaven;
I have my wealth, though poor and old,
Which never can be bought with gold.

Selections

THE TOMB OF MUTSUHITO.

When, in 1910, I had the privilege of an audience with his majesty the Emperor of Japan, his name was Mutsuhito; but when, in 1916, I visited his tomb, I found that it was no longer proper to speak of him as the Emperor Mutsuhito, but as Meiji; for his post-humous name is that of his era—Meiji, the Era of Glorious Enlightenment.

And his long, long reign was, indeed, an era of glorious enlightenment; for during it Japan was opened to western learning, and in some respects bettered her instructors. During this reign schools were established all over the empire; universities, equal to the best, were built; railroads connected all the larger centers of population; great steamships of Japanese construction brought the products of the Orient to every port in the Occident; and, above all, Christianity, with its schools and churches and high ideals of family and social life, became, though not a dominant, yet a very important, factor in the Land of the Rising Sun.

In short, Japan, within the space of that one reign, sprang forward into the forefront of the family of nations, conquered two of the greatest powers in the world in short and decisive wars, and became recognized in the world of science literature and the arts as one of the most important and brainy of nations.

No emperor of modern times, perhaps none in any age, ever saw such momentous changes for the better in his own land—changes in which his wisdom, patience and sagacity had a large part; and he died loved and revered, without a cloud upon his reputation as an honest, patriotic ruler.

No wonder that I was glad to have a private audience with such a man in his lifetime, and to pay my respects to his memory, at his mausoleum, after his death.

In life he was erect, soldierly, courteous, and as affable as such a dignitary is allowed to

be to ordinary mortals. But the Great Leveler is no respecter of persons. When God's time came, Death claimed him, but his people resolved that he should have a burial place as magnificently impressive as his life had been splendidly glorious in the history of Japan.

The emperors of Japan are not buried in royal cathedrals or great indoor mausoleums, as are the kings of Europe; but the canopy of their tombs is the blue sky, their pillars are stately pine trees, their decorations are the cherry blossoms of spring, the flowers of summer, the snows of winter, and always the ever-changing clouds above.

Most of the tombs are in the vicinity of Kyoto, the ancient capital and most sacred city of Japan, the city where the emperors are crowned and buried, though now they reign in Tokyo.

I was invited by Dr. Harada, the eminent president of the Doshisha, the Christian university, to visit the royal tombs with him.

"Have you a frock coat on?" said President Harada

Alas, no; opening my overcoat revealed only a black sack coat underneath; and in those habiliments the officials, courteous as they were, could only allow me to approach the outer fence. Had I been arrayed in a Prince Albert, I could have gone as far as the inner stone fence.

When I called upon the emperor during his life, though it was only eleven o'clock in the morning, I wore evening dress and white gloves, according to court custom and costume; but I had not been informed that court dress was prescribed for His Majesty dead as well as for His Majesty living. However, I could see practically all there was to see, and I was as well off as the great multitude of my Japanese brothers and sisters, who, like me, had no regal habiliments.

Now, let us approach the outer barrier. In front of it, at a little distance, is a large stone fountain with many long-handled dippers on the edge. Filling one of these at the fountain, we each washed our hands by pouring clean, cold water upon them, while our Japanese friends rinsed out their mouths as well; for you must approach the royal tomb only with clean hands and a pure heart.

The tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon is visited by a few straggling tourists every day, and the tomb of Lincoln at Springfield by as many more; but it is safe to say that as many visit the tomb of the late emperor of Japan in a day as see the last resting-place of the greatest of our worthies in a year.

Two wide spaces, each enclosed by an open fence of granite, separate us and the throng of Japanese from the tomb. We can only look at it across a respectful distance of three or four hundred yards, but no foot of ordinary mortal is allowed to approach nearer.

It was most interesting to watch the behavior of the mourning thousands. Perfect silence prevailed. With clean hands they took off their outer garments, folded them, and laid them on the ground. Then kneeling and prostrating themselves they did reverence to the memory of their emperor. Many, I presume, actually worshipped him; for Japan is as yet far from being a Christian country, and emperor-worship is part of the old-time religion.

Christians, however, need only pay respect and homage as they would at the grave of any great man. Yet I have no doubt that some find it difficult to draw the line between the respect due to a man and the reverence due to God; and perhaps some Christians bow in the house of Rimmon, and lose their consciences, as did General Naaman of old.

Then, taking off our hats and outside garments, we stood for a few moments in respectful silence, while the whole solemn scene photographed itself on our memories—the somber pine-clad hill, the great stone torii, the low granite barriers that enclosed the terraces; and there, dominating it all, that great, simple mound of cement and pebbles. No pagoda, no vault guarded by iron doors, no laudatory inscription, no ornate marbles such as guard the remains of the nobles in the Campo Santo of Genoa and the burial places of other European cities! Nothing could be more simple, nothing could be more grand.

Hundreds, if not thousands, of large trees, at least forty or fifty feet tall, had been transplanted to the grounds around the tomb, and these were swathed in cloth from top to bottom to ensure their living. Everything had been done to add to the natural impressiveness of the situation, but nothing to rivet the attention on any work of man.

Who will say that the Emperor Meiji has not a more beautiful canopy in the blue sky, and more lovely statuary in the green trees that surround him, than any dead emperor enclosed within the walls of minster or palace? —The Christian Herald.

I'LL TAKE WHAT FATHER TAKES.

The board was filled with choicest fare,
The guests sat down to dine;
Some called for bitter, some for stout,
And some for rosy wine.

Among this joyful company
A modest youth appeared,
Scarce sixteen summers had he seen,
No specious snare he feared.

An empty glass before the youth
Soon drew the waiter near,
"What will you have, sir," he inquired—
"Stout, bitter, mild or clear?"

"We have rich supplies of foreign port,
We have first-class wine and cakes."
The youth with guileless look, replied:
"I'll take what father takes."

Swift as an arrow went the words
Into his father's ears,
And soon a conflict, deep and strong,
Awoke terrific fears.

"Have I not seen the strongest fall,
The fairest led astray?
And shall I on my only son
Bestow a curse this day?"

"No, heaven forbid! Here, waiter, bring
Bright water pure to me,
My son shall take what father takes—
Water my drink shall be."

THE BETTER WAY.

I ask not wealth, but power to take
And use the things I have aright;
Not years, but wisdom that shall make
My life a profit and delight.

I ask not that for me the plan
Of good and ill be set aside;
But that the common lot of man
Be nobly borne and glorified.

I know I may not always keep
My steps in places green and sweet,
Nor find the pathway of the deep
A place of safety for my feet;

But pray that when the tempter's breath
Shall fiercely sweep my way about,
I make not shipwreck of my faith
In the unbottomed sea of doubt;

And that, though it be mine to know
How hard the stoniest pillow seems,
Good angels still may come and go
About the places of my dreams.

I do not ask for love below,
That friends shall never be estranged;
But for the power of loving, so
My heart may keep its youth unchanged.

—Phoebe Cary.